The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen shew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree.
We can not crosse the cause why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes must we be forsworne.
King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,
That (like a rude and sauadge man of *Inde*.)
At the first opning of the gorgious East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.
What peromptorie Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?
King. What zeale, what furie, hath inspirde thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd soueraigntie,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall worthies make one dignitie,
Where nothing wantes, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues,
Fie paynted Rethoricke, O shee needes it not,
To thinges of sale, a sellers prayse belonges:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A witherd Hermight fiuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beautie doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O tis the Sunne that maketh all thinges shine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is fayre that is not full so blacke,

King. O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirites of light.
O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish dooters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke fayre.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natiue blood is counted paynting now:
And therefore redd that would auoyde dispraysе,
Paintes it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Duma. To looke like her are Chimnie-sweepers blake.
Long. And since her time are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their sweete complexion crake.
Duma. Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.
Ber. Your Mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.
King. T were good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fayrer face not washt to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomse-day heere.
King. No Diuel will fright thee then so much as shee.
Duma. I neuer knew man holde vile stuffe so deare.
Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face see.
Ber O if the streetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feete were much too daintie for such tread.
Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The streete should see as she walkt ouer head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.
King. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Duma. I marie there, some flatterie for this euyll.
Long. O some authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheate the diuell.
Duma. Some salue for periurie.
Ber. O tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,